Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, solus.

NOw is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious summer by this Sonne of *Yorke*:
And all the clouds, that lowr vpon our house,
In the deepe bowels of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments.
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings.
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-visagd warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now instead of mounting barbed Steeds,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a ladies chamber,
To the laciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not sharpe of sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amourous looking-glasse;
I that am rudely stampt, and want loues maiesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nympth;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, vnfinisht sent before my time
Into this breathing world, halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt at them:
While I in this weake piping time of peace,
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformity:
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes:
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,

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